



The History of
Henry the Fourth

Enter the King, Lord Io
Westmerland.

King.

O shaken as we are,
Find we a time for
And breath short
To becommen
No more the thirstie entranc
Shall daube her lips with her
No more shall trenching Wa
Nor bruise her flowers with
Of hostile paces : those opp
Which like the Meteors of a
All of one nature, of one sub
Did lately meete in the intest
And furious close of ciuill bu
Shall now in mutuall well-be
March all one way, and be no
Against acquaintance, kind
The edge of Warre, like an
No more shall cut his Mast
As farre as to the Sepulchre
Whose souldier now vnder
We are impressed and inga
Forthwith a power of *English*
Whose armes were moulded
To chase these *Pagans* in the
Ouer whose acres walkt the